

The Tragedie of Hamlet

ous Perwig-pated fellow were a passion to totters, to verie rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but in explicable dumbe shewes, and noise: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it our Herods, Herod, pray you auoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorn her own Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieve, the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seen play, and heard others praisd, and that highly, not to speake it profanely, that neither hauing th' accent of *Christians*, nor the gate of *Christians*, *Pagan*, nor man, haue so stratted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iournymen had made men; and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your Clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessarie question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the Poole that vses it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Gyldesternes, and Rosenorans.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presenly,

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten

Ros. I my Lord.

Exeunt those two.

(them.)

Ham. What how, Horatio.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iust a man.
As ere my conuersation eopt withall.

Hor.

Prince of Denmark

Hor. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I
For what aduancement may I
That no reueneue hast but, why go
To feed and cloath thee, why
No let the candied tongue lick
And crooke the pregnant hing
Where thrift may follow fawn
Since my deare soule was Mistr
And could of men distinguish
Shall seald thee for her selfe, f
As one in suffering all that suff
A man that Fortunes buffers a
Hast tane with equall thanks; a
Whose bloud and iudgement
That they are not a pipe for Fo
To sound what stop she please
That is not passions slaue, and
In my hearts core, I in my hear
As I do thee. Something too
There is a play to night before
One Scene of it comes neere th
Which I haue told thee of my
I prethee when thou seest that
Euen with the very comment
Obserue my Vncle, if his occu
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in o
It is a damned Ghost that we
And my imaginations are as fe
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him h
For I mine eies will riuer to h
And after we will both our iu
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst thi
And scape detected, I will pay

Enter Trumpets and Kettles.

Polonius.

Ham. They are comming